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NO. 5.

Poetry.

We have seldom read anything more forcibly illustrative of the ravages of Time, than these verses by "Tory," of Life Illustrated—

STOP THIEF.

I saw a figure in my rear,
With stealthy step he ventured near
And snatched a curl away.
"Give back the ringlet, give," I cried,
"I need it a defect to hide—
He gave but he was gray!"

Then with a cold and formal bow
He touched his pencil to my brow—
"Ah, what a mark was there!
"Oh, wipe it off, you imp," I cried;
He left another by his side,
And mocked at my despair!

And then as if to leave a trace
Of all his foot-prints on my face,
He stole the pencil's bloom
Which mantled o'er my rosy cheek,
And left me pale and weak,
Fit tenant for the tomb!

He stole my merry heart so gay,
He stole my ringing laugh away,
And velled my lustrous eye,
He stole my firm elastic step,
He stole all my charms, a stealing yet,
And will be till I die!

"Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" I cried,
A gentle angel voice replied.
"Weep not for faded flowers,
The earnest thief you so much fear,
Your beauties have been planted here,
To grow in angel's bowers."

Miscellaneous.

Written for the New York Dispatch.
PAUL GENOT, THE MISER.

BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

Many years ago, a certain miser named Paul Genot lived in a miserable house in the vilest part of London, where the narrow sidewalks were crowded with dirty, squalid children, and where the nostrils were assailed by sickening odors from the filthy gutters. To all appearances, Paul was a wretched miser, miserably stricken with poverty; but the neighbors earnestly declared that he was rich; that he hoarded up his gold in some secret place, unknown to any one save himself.

Every evening, when the moon hid her bright face, the old man would wrap his miserable cloak about his tottering form, and carefully locking his room door, would move cautiously down the uncarpeted stairway, through the dark hall, and out of the door into the filthy street. With quick nervous pace he would pass unrecognized through crowds of his neighbors, and around the next corner, into a larger and somewhat cleaner street; thence would pass into one of the most fashionable streets of London, and stopping before the door of a large house, and giving a loud rap, would be immediately admitted. One of his neighbors had followed him to this house, and seen him enter; but what was his business in this place, was as yet unknown.

One evening, at a later hour than usual, he sallied forth from his miserable home, and pursuing the same route as before, knocked again at the massive door. The feeble summons was answered by a liveried servant, who respectfully bowed to the miserably clad old man, and ushered him into a magnificently furnished drawing-room, where his filthy rags were brought into ridiculous contrast with the rich adornments of the apartment. In one corner of the room an elegantly dressed gentleman was sitting; and beside him was a magazine, which had dropped from his hand on the entrance of his visitor. Coldly motioning him to a seat, the former arose, and going to the mirror, began to arrange his somewhat disordered dress, without speaking a word. At last, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, he broke the silence in a business-like way, and without the customary salutations which usually pass between a gentleman and his visitor.

"My dear uncle, you must wait a little longer for your money. I have been unsuccessful of late. The cards have tricked me often."

The miser's features changed as he spoke these words, and in a mild tone of voice, he answered:

"But Charles, you know I am poor. I must have the money, or my aged, worn-out frame will sink into the grave." And the miser gazed into the young man's eyes, as if he would therein read his very soul.

"But they say that you are rich, that you are a miser, and that you have rich quantities of gold hidden in your room. And certainly I know that you receive enough yearly for this house, to make you independent of the world," was the reply; and Charles Worthington seated himself before his aged uncle.

The miser started as he spoke these words, and a momentary fear seemed to have taken possession of him; but in an instant he recovered his wonted calmness, and spoke:

"Ah! do people speak thus of a poor old man? Why should Paul Genot get gold to hoard up? Am I not poor? Do these miserable vestments bespeak riches? No—no! Paul Genot is poor; say, poor."

"Why do you not own this large and splendid house? Is not everything in it yours? Do you not receive the rent for it? And is that not enough to make you rich for life?" was the answer.

"How often have I told you, Charles, that the house does not belong to me! I am only the agent to collect the rent; and the small percentage I get, is but just sufficient to keep life within this miserable body, answered this miser."

An incredulous smile lighted up the young man's countenance, as he again replied:

"Then are you not the owner of the whole row of houses where you live? Besides, have you not other sources whence

you can get enough to make you comfortable for life?"

The old man seemed to be confused at this last question, for he moved uneasily on his seat, and looked about on either side nervously, as if fearful that the words of his companion would be heard; then turning again, and putting forth his trembling hand, he said:

"No more of this silly talk. Everybody knows I am poor; and he who would be foolish enough to seek for gold in Paul Genot's miserable room, would but waste his valuable time in fruitless efforts. Come, now, I must have the money to-night. I know you have it, so you must pay me immediately; for I have far to go, and it is now near midnight," and he thrust his hand towards his nephew.

"But," reiterated the latter in angry tones, "I tell you I have no money at present. Come to-morrow night, and I may have the sum ready for you," and he walked quickly across the floor.

"To-morrow will not do. I must have it this very night. I have not wherewith to buy bread. The money is long due; and I will have it," and the old man's limbs trembled more and more violently, as his anger increased.

Without answering, the young man took up his fashionable coat, which was hanging on the back of a chair, shook it out, and proceeded to draw on one of the sleeves; but at that instant a large roll of bills fell out of one of the pockets, unperceived by the owner.

The miser's little gray eyes sparkled, and fairly seemed to snap at this sight; and with a quick motion he arose from his seat, and seizing the roll in his shriveled hand, eagerly counted the sum; and then turning towards his nephew, he spoke as follows, a faint smile meanwhile lighting up his cold, harsh features:

"My dear nephew, I see that you have been mistaken in saying that you had no money. There is here but one pound more than the rent amounts to; but that I will keep; for you have owed me it since last Christmas. Farewell, my dear boy. May fortune smile on you to night," and with the last words, the old man arose from his seat, and thrusting the money into his capacious pocket, prepared to go. As for the other, when he saw what his grasping uncle had done, his face expressed a variety of mingled feelings, rage, vexation and disappointment being prominent.

With a bow, the miser left the presence of his discomfited nephew, and passing through the spacious hall, opened the door, and sallied forth into the street. No one was abroad; for the city was shrouded in a thick fog. The aged man stopped not, though the wind played rudely with his gray hairs; and the wet stones caused him to slip, and jarred his aged frame. It was a strange sight, to see that old man, whose gray hairs and wrinkled brow gave evidence to his close proximity to the grave, tottering along through the deserted, half-lighted streets, fiercely clutching his money and muttering incoherent sentences.

It was with some difficulty that he reached his home, and softly opening the door, passed through the dark entry up the creaky stairs, and he was at the door of his own room. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked it, and entered. With a match which was lying on the mantelpiece, he struck a light; and divesting himself of his outer garments and boots, seated himself in a chair to rest awhile. Some minutes passed thus, during which time Paul gave unmistakable signs of weariness, by his half-closed eyelids, and reclining attitude. Suddenly arousing himself from his stupor, as if his mind had grasped some brilliant idea, he arose from his seat, and tottered to the other side of the room. Taking the flaming candle from its place on the mantelpiece, he put it upon the floor, near his bed, which was situated in the furthest corner of the room. For a long time he listened anxiously and at the least sound he would turn about, and tremble violently, as if fearful of being discovered. Re-assured each time, however, by the continued silence, he at length walked boldly towards the bed, and taking a firm hold of one of the posts, pulled it from the corner into the centre of the room.

Then, after another pause of a few moments, he placed the candle in the corner, and searching a few moments along the floor, at length touched a sort of spring, at the same time pulling violently at a small brass knob, and he raised a large trap-door, disclosing to view a flight of damp stone steps. With another cautious look, he descended, leaving the door open behind him. On either side of this staircase, were smooth walls of masonry, where the dampness manifested itself in large drops of water. In a short time, however, he had once more reached level ground; and after a few more steps, his dim light revealed to his anxious gaze a small circular apartment, in the middle of which stood a large oak chest, bound with iron. Putting his candle upon the ground, Paul fumbled a moment in his large pocket, and finally succeeded in drawing forth a small iron key, which he applied to the padlock on the chest, and raising the lid, took out numerous small bags; and after opening them, cast their shining contents (guineas) upon the cold ground. Then kneeling down, he counted them slowly, one by one, and listened with apparent pleasure to their sharp clink, as they fell back into the iron-bound receptacle. As the number increased, and they sent back to his eyes the rays of his miserable candle, a wild enthusiasm seemed to have taken possession of him. His face was lighted up with inward feelings of pleasure; his eyes sparkled, and his whole frame seemed to have regained the vigor of youth.

"Two hundred and ninety-nine—three hundred!" counted the miser; and he ceased his labors for a moment to contemplate the glittering pile. Then, raising himself he counted on, his eyes sparkling more and more as the pile gradually increased, and the noise growing louder and louder, as one after another they fell ringing into the box. Still he ceased not. The gold passed with lightning speed through his thin fingers, the damp, noisome

air meanwhile working destruction to his lungs, and whirling his gray hairs about with no gentle touch. Nought was to be heard in the apartment, save the loud clinking of the shining metal. The old man seemed to have suspended his breath that he might fully enjoy the sharp ringing sound, as one after another he tossed the golden pieces on the rapidly increasing pile. A neighboring clock broke the silence, as it tolled with heavy, mournful peals the hour of two.

The last sounds had died echoing away, and the miser had the last two pieces in his hands. Balancing them on his forefingers, he struck them, together, and listened with evident glee to the musical sounds they gave out. With a sigh, he cast these with the rest, and was about to put them back into the bags again, when a faint noise, as of heavy breathing, caused him to turn, and look behind him.

The old man started back with affright; for there he beheld before him no less a person than his nephew. His dress was disordered, and splashed with mud, his eyes bloodshot, and his cast of countenance actually demone. A moment the uncle and nephew stood, as if statues sculptured out of the purest marble. The young man broke the silence:

"Give me money, Paul—gold—aye glittering gold. I've been unlucky with the cards to-night. Quick! for I must be off again! Give me gold—gold!"

And he rushed furiously towards the chest. Springing between the infuriated man and his idol, he begged him not to take it. In the depth of his despair, he sunk down upon his knees, and implored him to leave the place. Then, finding that prayers and tears were of no avail, he sprang up with the vigor of youth, and planting himself firmly against his oak chest, dared the other to touch his treasure at his peril. The old man would fight for his god—gold.

Infuriated as he was, Charles could brook no defiance. Rushing quickly toward him, they grappled. Long was the contest. The one, fighting for his all, felt his old limbs nerved with the strength of youth; while in the other, desperation alone held sway. For a time, it seemed doubtful who would be the victor. They round and round the narrow apartment, by the candle's feeble light, the old man's gray hairs mingling with his nephew's raven locks, as they whirled around in the deadly contest. The miser was growing weak; his fingers were gradually relaxing their grasp, and he was about to succumb, when he caught sight of his dazzling gold—with renewed strength, he struggled around a narrow subterranean apartment. He whirled his youthful antagonist against the wall, and there held him with vice like grip.

But this state of affairs could not long exist. Human nature could bear no more, and youth triumphed over old age; for with one muscular effort the younger man cast his weaker antagonist heavily to the stone pavement, and in a moment more Paul Genot ceased to breathe.

Without paying any further attention to his uncle, he eagerly ran toward the treasure, and quickly filling the bags, retraced his steps. Hurrying quickly up the stairway, he struck his head against the trap-door, which he had closed after him when he entered. He pushed against it with all his might, but could not move it an inch. It stood with a spring! He flung down his ill-gotten riches, and shouted for help; but the mocking sounds only augmented his agony. In vain he screamed. His voice, made feeble by the dampness of his subterranean prison, could not penetrate the solid walls of masonry, nor could his feeble blows be heard by other ears than his own. There was no help for him.—God had taken this as a fit time to punish each for his sins, and had shut up the living with the dead!

Many years after, when a row of dilapidated houses was torn down, beneath one of them they found two grinning, ghastly skeletons; one being on a slight of stone steps—the other stretched out beside an iron-bound chest, and guineas scattered around the apartment in every direction. It is needless to tell the reader of whom these were the remains. Suffice it to say, that to this day, old men sit for hours over their ale, relating the various atrocities and horrible fate of Paul Genot, the Miser!

The Crops in England.

The intelligence by the last arrival that the condition of the crops in England, Ireland and Scotland was on the whole quite promising. In England the wheat crop is unusually productive. The barley crop is of unusual extent, but will yield barely an average per acre. The oat crop is decided below its average productiveness. Pulse crops are for the most part inferior. Potatoes have promised better, but are more diseased than they have been for several years. The hay crop is good, and unusually well got. Turnips are generally inferior. Mangel wurzels generally good. In the South of England, nearly all the corn is now carried, and shows a most satisfactory yield. In the midland districts harvest work has made great progress, and is daily extending northwards. In Ireland, since 1826, there has not been so favorable a season as the present, and a week or so more of the brilliant weather we have had during August, is all that is wanted to realize the prospect of an early and abundant harvest. There are no longer any complaints of failure in the potato crop, the symptoms of blight which had shown themselves in some localities in the course of last month having entirely disappeared. In Scotland, the harvest operations are now general, and the weather continues to be most favorable for hardening the grain. The crop will be an average one. Potato disease has shown itself in the north of Scotland, but it is not likely to become anything like general.

Riots at the gates of Jerusalem had resulted in the death of twenty-four persons. Much excitement existed in the vicinity of the Holy City, and a general outbreak was feared.

Democratic Resolutions on Slavery and the State Rights.

The Democratic Convention, which assembled at Columbus, January 8, 1848, adopted the following resolutions concerning Slavery and State Rights:

"1. Resolved, That the people of Ohio now, as they always have done, look upon slavery as an evil, and unfavorable to the development of the spirit and practical benefits of free institutions, and that entertaining these sentiments, they will at all times feel it to be their duty to use all power clearly given by the terms of the National compact, to prevent its increase, to mitigate, and finally eradicate the evil: but be it further

"2. Resolved, That the Democratic party of Ohio do at the same time fully recognize the doctrine held by the early fathers of the Republic, and still maintained by the Democratic party in all the States, that to each State belongs the right to adopt and modify its own internal affairs, to hold and maintain an equal and independent sovereignty with each and every State, and that upon these rights the National Legislature can neither legislate nor encroach."

The same resolutions, reported by A. P. Edgerton, of Defiance county, were unanimously re-adopted as part of the Democratic platform by the Democratic Convention of 1850; and again upon the report of John A. Corwin, of Champaign county, by the Democratic Convention of January 8, 1852; and again, on the report of Mr. Layman, of Washington county, by the Democratic Convention of 1853.

It is worth noting here that the Baltimore Platform, on which Franklin Pierce was nominated for President in May, 1852, was diametrically opposed, so far as slavery was concerned, to the Ohio Platform, and, immediately after the election of Pierce, an effort was begun to induce the high and independent position which had been taken; and, at the Convention of 1853, which was just after the election of Pierce, but before his inauguration, H. J. Jewett, of Muskingum, moved to amend the State Democratic Platform by adding the resolution of the Baltimore Platform. This motion produced much excitement.—F. D. Kimball, of Medina, moved to lay the motion upon the table, which motion was carried. Sanders N. Johnson, of Brown, then moved a reconsideration of this last vote, which motion R. J. Atchison, of Carroll, moved to lay on the table, which last motion prevailed by a vote per counties of years 160 to 148. Thus the Democracy of Ohio finally refused to surrender their anti-slavery faith, or to compromise it by an indorsement of the Baltimore Platform.

The next year, January 8, 1854, the same anti-slavery resolutions, reported by G. W. Houck, of Montgomery county, were again adopted by the Democracy of Ohio in a Convention assembled on the 8th of January, 1854. But the office-holding and pro-slavery faction now succeeded in foisting into the platform, on a motion of Conner of Wayne, a resolution indorsing the Baltimore Pro-Slavery Platform.

The year following, on the 8th of January, 1855, the same resolutions were again affirmed; but now the Retrogressives so far succeeded that the sense and import of the resolutions was practically nullified by two other resolutions in the same platform, one of which declared the Baltimore to be a clear and distinct declaration of the political principles of the Ohio Democracy, and the other indorsed the administration of Franklin Pierce.

Once entered on this downward career, it was not easy to stop. The next Convention, January 8, 1856, expunged altogether the old anti-slavery resolutions, and the next August, 1857, denied the State Rights Faith, and indorsed the Dred Scott decision.

It is remarkable that as soon as the anti-slavery platform was corrupted by the indorsement of the Baltimore platform, the Democratic party was defeated, and its history since in Ohio has been a succession of defeats.

JONES, THE MURDERER OF BEEBE.

Jones who shot officer Beebe at Columbus and is now in the Franklin county jail for trial for murder, admits the killing of his victim, but claims that as the officers commenced shooting at him as he ran down stairs, he concluded he might as well shoot also. On his escape he fled to the Wisconsin prairies, and there led a hard life until he confessed the shooting of Beebe, and fell into the snare set for his arrest.

He is a smart, good looking man of 32, temperate always, but reckless and wild.—The Columbus Gazette says:

On Sunday last a daughter of Beebe's called at the prison to see the man who was charged with the murder of her father, and she held a long and interesting conversation with him. He related to her all the facts connected with the death of her father, unhesitatingly, and consoled with her upon the great distress that he had brought upon her and her family. She left him evidently feeling that, although Jones had deprived her father of life, he was by no means the worst man in the world. On Monday last Jones addressed her a letter, thanking her for the kindness that had prompted her to visit him in prison, and requested her in the most humble manner to answer his letter, as a solace to him in his dreary prison. This letter was signed William Morgan, which is probably his true name. He has written a letter to his parents, living in Lorain county, near Elyria, whom he has not seen or heard from for six years, to visit him before his trial, which comes off at the October term of the court. During the present week the jailers supposed he was bent on starving himself to death, for he refused to partake of a mouthful of food for two days.—Owing however to the fearful supplications of Mrs. Miner, the Sheriff's wife, he abandoned the foolish notion, and now he eats his rations as regularly and as heartily as the other prisoners.

The history of this man Jones is a remarkable one, showing, as it does, the truth of the old adage, "that murder will out."

Remarkable Coincidence.

The following singular circumstances are related by a correspondent of the Lockport (N. Y.) Courier—

"When I was a boy, and lived upon the pine plains of old Sheffield, Mass., I wanted to raise money to go to general training at the harvest field, carrying sheaves together at a York shilling a day, for a man by the name of Allen. This Allen was an intemperate man, and would get drunk always after dinner, and go to bed, sleep it off, and then get up as cross as a bear. Well, I was on my second day's work, when I saw him coming into the field, about four o'clock in the afternoon; so I thought I would be uncommon smart, and show him how well I was earning my money—I ran and caught the sheaves and threw them into the pile, and ran again. When he got his eye on me, he began to swear, and wanted to know 'what I was throwing those sheaves so far—you'll shuck out all of the rye,' and the more he talked the more mad he got, until finally he kicked me out of the field. I went home to my mother, told her of my tribulation; she consoled me by saying, 'well, my son don't cry; I will give you money to go to training with—it will all come right, Divine Providence will give you justice in the matter.' I asked her how soon she thought Providence would do it. She said 'she could not tell; it would not be in her day.' And it was not long, for the dear mother sickened and died, and was buried before the training day came. When the day came I put on a clean shirt, clean rags on my sore toe and considered myself dressed up, as usual, and went to training—without a cent of money. A little after noon I saw a boy with half a card of gingerbread and a water-melon, sitting in a fence-corner eating; and stopped, and stood looking through the fence at him, with my mouth watering. He saw me, and invited me over to eat with him. I did so. He wanted to know my name, I told him, and he told me his, and we went together the rest of the afternoon."

"Well, time went on; I grew up, left the place of my nativity, and went into business on my own account, and thought no more of the matter until twenty years had passed away, when, having business at Lewiston, I was accosted one afternoon by a man long since past the prime of life, who looked careworn and tired, with: 'Is your name —?' I told him it was; and he said: 'I used to know you when you were a boy, and knew your father, too, when you were in old Sheffield; but now I am in tribulation; I have had to leave there suddenly for Canada; I am out of money and must have a shilling to pay my ferrage across the river.' I handed him the money; he thanked me and started off. It did not seem probable that he had come to me. I hailed him, and he came back to me, and I asked him if he had any money to get anything to eat when he got across the river. 'No, not a cent,' was the reply. I gave him another shilling, and told him there were two shillings he cheated out of, and kicked me out of his field, when I was a boy."

"Don't mention it, for God's sake," said he bursting into tears; "you have heaped coals of fire on my head—Providence has served me right."

The prophecy of my mother flashed across my mind, as I stood looking after him, with feelings more of sorrow than of anger. He was soon out of sight, and I never saw him more, for he died soon after, as I learned, at Port Delhousie, Canada West. Two days after, I had business at Youngstown, and while waiting for breakfast, I was accosted by a middle-aged man, who asked me a few questions about the Niagara River and the town, and whether there was any conveyance to Fort Niagara. I told him that as soon as breakfast was over I should drive down, and he could ride with me if he chose. He did so. I found he was on some government business. We entered into conversation, during which he made mention of old Sheffield. I told him I was formerly from there, and we compared notes and found that we were the very same two boys that ate the gingerbread and water-melon in the fence corner, in old Canaan, on a general training day, nearly 20 years since. I came to the conclusion then, taking my experience of the last two days into account, that 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.'"

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW IN ILLINOIS.

Every hobby is National now-a-days, and a national Horse Show has just been held at Galesburg, Illinois, with great eclat. Fine horses were exhibited, a team of Elks, fast trotting, and Equestrianism by nine young ladies, the prizes ranging from \$150 to \$250. The first was awarded to Miss A. R. Adcock, of Henderson Grove. She was received with much applause by the spectators, who seemed from the first to have made her an especial favorite. But she proved herself worthy of every particle of applause given her, with superior management of her horse, and the ease and grace with which she rode. It having been supposed by the judges and onlookers that she had a stirrup fastened to the horse's blanket on which she sat, she dismounted, and admitted repeated shouts of approbation, showed them that she had nothing to keep her on the horse's back but her own tact and talent. For upwards of ten minutes she made her filly perform all manner of evolutions, and gave some striking examples of her skill and management.

The Newburyport Herald says that the retail price of molasses in that city on Friday last was fifteen cents per gallon less than on the day before, and brown sugar sells three cents less a pound than two days ago. People need not hurry to purchase, as it will be lower and lower still, and the speculators in these articles will go down with the price. If anybody is interested let him stand under as soon as possible; but if you want sugar and molasses purchase hereafter.

John Tyler put on his Defence.

It is most significant when such men as ex-President Tyler are called up to defend themselves against the charge of having been unfaithful to the South. It indicates very great progress in the politics of that end of the Union, and progress not in the best direction. It was declared in the late Southern Commercial Convention, that the provision in the treaty of Washington, stipulating on the part of the United States for the maintenance of a fleet of eighty guns for the suppression of the slave trade under the American flag, was an act of discourtesy and insult to the South, and the final vote on the resolutions showed that a majority of the convention took this view of it. The treaty having been ratified during John Tyler's administration, this censure has called him out in a letter of explanation and defense, in the Richmond Enquirer. Mr. Tyler relates how the provision became necessary upon our refusal to allow British cruisers to search American vessels, and says with pertinency and force:

"I shall be permitted to observe, that the remarks reported to have fallen from members of the convention, in debating the main subject, are so entirely variant from the popular sentiment entertained throughout the Southern States, as I believe, in 1842, as to occasion me no little surprise. Who, in 1842, even dreamed that there would be, as early as 1857, a proposition seriously made to revive the slave trade? I certainly entertained no such idea, nor did I am quite sure, any one of the able and patriotic statesmen who were my constitutional advisers. I really thought and often declared that the Southern States were more opposed to the slave trade than any other portion of our people. They had voted with singular unanimity for the act of Congress which declared that all citizens of the United States engaged in that trade should be regarded, and if convicted, punished as pirates. How it happens, then, that a provision introduced into a treaty to enforce a law, for which the South had voted, can be rightfully regarded as an insult to the South, I must say, passes my comprehension. Certainly such an idea never entered into my head or heart. It might be worthy of consideration by the next Commercial Convention, whether, before they advise the cancelling of the provision in question, and denounce it as an insult to the South, they should not first repeal the law relative to piracy in regard to the slave trade."

Suspended Banks.

Thompson's Bank Note Reporter, of Saturday, says:

The Reciprocity Bank, alias the Sackett's Harbor Bank, Buffalo, gives no evidence of resuscitation, and the better opinion seems to point to going into liquidation. There is no market price for the notes.

The Hollister Bank, it is believed by those conversant with its situation, will ultimately resume. The security of the bills is ample, if it should not.

The Oliver Lee & Co. Bank, Buffalo, N. Y., is in the hands of wealthy men, and there was a disposition to go on, but some of its paper having gone to protest, there is a fear it will go into liquidation. The notes will be paid in full.

The Bergen County Bank, New Jersey, it is said will be closed up with small loss to the bill holders.

The Danby Bank, Danby, Vt., is in bad credit; its notes not saleable at any price. The notes of the Niagara River Bank, New York, are not purchased at present. Interested parties say the Bank will resume.

A correspondent says that the Farmers' Bank of Wickford, R. I., has thus far met all its liabilities at home.

The Tiverton Bank has been enjoined, and will have to go into liquidation.

The Warwick bank, which was sold to parties out of the State, has been transferred again to Rhode Island men, and we presume that it will be conducted as heretofore upon sound principles.

The Rhode Island Central Bank, it is confidently expected, will resume. The owners are said to be rich. If so, they ought not to have permitted even a temporary suspension.

Bank of Kanawha, Va., was, owned by the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co. A dead failure.

The Farmer's Bank of Saratoga has gone into liquidation. The bills will be paid in full.

SEPT. 9.—The Ontario County Bank, N. Y., has been thrown out in this city.

SEPT. 10.—The Bank of New Jersey, N. Brunswick, N. J., thrown out by our city Banks. Also, the Bank of Orleans, Albion, New York.

REMARKABLE RUN OF BAD LUCK.

A downtown merchant received a remittance from one of his correspondents, in the shape of a draft on the Ohio Life and Trust Company for \$3,000, on the very day on which that institution closed its doors.—He immediately telegraphed the fact to his debtor, who sent him another draft on John Thompson, which arrived the day after the failure of that broker; the merchant again telegraphed the failure, and received in a few days another draft on Atwood & Co., just as the firm suspended.—N. Y. Times.

ANNUAL MASONIC MEETINGS.—Massillon is to be Masonically honored in October. The Fifteenth Annual Convention of Knight Templars of Ohio will be held in Massillon, Oct. 15th; the Twenty-eighth Annual Communication of the Grand Council of R. and S. Masters of the State of Ohio, will also commence at Massillon, October 15th; the Forty-second Annual State Communication of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, of the State of Ohio, will be held at Massillon, Oct. 16th; and the Stated Annual Meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons, of the State of Ohio, is appointed to be held at Massillon, on the third Tuesday of October, Anno Lucis 5537, A. D. 1857.

Letter From Charles Remelin.

Hon. Charles Remelin of Cincinnati, having been invited to speak in Cleveland during the present campaign, replies to the invitation by the following letter:

CINCINNATI, Sept. 12, 1857.

William Stale Jr., Esq.,

Chairman Rep. Central Com., Cleveland, O.

DEAR SIR:—Sickness in my family forbids my complying with your kind invitation to address the citizens of Cleveland this fall. It was my purpose which I had partly executed, to write to you at length, the reasons why in my humble opinion Governor Chase should be re-elected, and why the Democratic party does not at this time deserve the confidence of the people of Ohio, but a beloved daughter's distressing illness, which, in the opinion of the attending physician is soon to terminate fatally, weighs sorely upon my mind, so as to render extended argumentation nearly impossible.

Standing at the death bed of a dear child, I see with an aching heart, how utterly powerless physicians are in chronic diseases, and looking at the financial troubles of Ohio, whose seed was sown by the administrations of such executive officers as Governor Wood, and Baselin, of the Treasury and Manypenny, Miller, Steadman, and Griswold of the Public Works, and others in other positions in the State Government and by that worst of Legislative bodies, the first General Assembly under the present Constitution, and I see only the utter incompetency of mere partisans to either legislate or administer properly and yet the Democratic party has the brazen impudence in the very sight of all mischief its chosen leaders have done and with the chief of all the rotten elements of its party at the head of the ticket, to stand up like the Pharisees of old, and claim for itself unspotted purity and an earnest purpose to reform.

I can only hope and pray that the true voice of pure patriotism will make itself heard this fall, and that the intelligent voters of Ohio will by the triumphant success of Chase, rebuke the demagogues, who, by creating extraneous issues are now trying to deceive the people.

I remain most respectfully,
your fellow citizen,
CHARLES REMELIN.

About Moving West.

J. S. Robinson, of the Hardin Co. Republican, is a pretty sharp land broker, but nevertheless can take a sensible view of things, as witness a remark in a late No. of his paper:

Day by day we are convinced of the foolishness displayed by men here in Ohio, selling out comfortable homes and moving West for the purpose of bettering their condition. We have the testimony to sustain us in this conviction, of some of the shrewdest and most successful men who have tried the experiment. A business letter from one of this class is now before us, from which we take the liberty of publishing an extract which we commend to the perusal of our farmers. He says:

Our wheat crop if just harvested, and is good. Corn is very backward, but is now growing well. There is one thing that is astonishing to every one who comes West—that is the cheapness of lands in Ohio, compared to the advantage possessed. I do not believe there is a farmer in Hardin county that could get as good a farm as he leaves for the money that he would sell his for; and if I wanted to buy an improved farm cheap, I would go to Ohio; thousands have found this out when too late. Illinois is the best State west of Ohio, and I do not believe there is a farmer in Ohio that could buy a farm in Illinois, take into view the health, water, roads, schools and society for double what he could sell his farm for; and if it were not for the fact that while a portion dislike to go back and acknowledge it, and a portion lose so much in moving about in trying to discover these so much talked-of advantages in the West, they have not enough left to get back with, there would be as great an emigration to Ohio as ever there was from it.

RATS IN N. YORK RAT CATCHERS.—There are in the city of New York millions of rats, and so rapid is the increase that they are becoming exceedingly troublesome.—The female rat has usually her first litter of young ones when she is six months old, and she has on an average, ten at each litter,